

GERMAN PEOPLE SICK AND TIRED OF WAR

Such Is Opinion of Alfred G. Anderson After Visiting Among Berlin Residents.

PEACE INEVITABLE THEME

That and Food Problem Formed Basis of All Conversations, and Mass Was Ready to Accept End at Any Price.

BY ALFRED G. ANDERSON.

It took me less than twenty-four hours after my arrival in Berlin to find out that all Germany is heartily sick and tired of the war.

In cafes, on street cars, in stores and home lobbies—everywhere, anxiety for peace was an inevitable theme.

Also everybody wanted to revise the Peace Treaty and the Brest-Litovsk. But two had precisely the same motive.

The Socialists and Liberal elements openly condemned the treaty as "a humiliating document."

All reference to this debate was suppressed except in the Leipzig Volks Zeitung, leading organ of the Socialists.

Later he said: "Some day the Reichstag will settle accounts with the dynasty that has ruined the German people."

DONT WANT TO PUNISH ANY NATION ON EARTH

"We don't want to punish any nation, nor do we desire to insert punitive clauses in our peace treaties. We do want the restoration of real peace and friendship among all nations.

Professor S. Saenger, political editor of the Berlin Neue Rundschau, in explaining the views of various factions in the Reichstag as they felt at that time said:

The conservatives, national liberals and free conservatives, constituting the Pan-German group, believe in the retention of all occupied territories.

The Socialists, national liberals, who originally supported the Socialists in their famous "peace by negotiation" program, have now become more radical.

By diligent perusal of Berlin newspapers I came to the conclusion that the strict party lines insofar as the conditions of peace were concerned, could not be drawn.

Some FAVOR MAKING OF ALSACE AUTONOMOUS STATE

"In the Cafe Bauer on the Unter den Linden, I was introduced to Herr Döbel, a Bavarian minority Socialist delegate to the Reichstag, so many members can be found there.

"Personally I think the Alsace-Lorraine people should determine their own destiny by a plebiscite," he added.

"The only class of people who could give any good reason for continuing the war are munition manufacturers and purveyors of army supplies," said Herr Döbel.

"Their conception of this horrible war is determined by the profits that it yields them. They are not interested in their own 'endurance' with the war because they don't believe in murder.

"The working people are disgusted with the war because they don't believe it because it interferes with their stomachs. The blue-blooded aristocracy have begun to dislike it because their prestige is at stake.

"The help wanted columns of The Times-Dispatch are read by the most efficient workers in Richmond and throughout Virginia.

"We don't want any more foreign labor in Germany. We have all the wage competition we can stand."

That the anxiety for peace runs high in the army is learned from Alfred Boessler, an officer from Pomerania. He was in Berlin recovering from a wound in the leg.

"There is absolutely nothing to fight for," said Boessler when he and I met in a cafe.

All soldiers feel just the same way as I do about it. Many officers still think we can win the war by force, but I know none who realize we can't.

BRITISH MILITARY POLICE AT EVERY CROSSROADS

Even Staff Cars Have to Halt When Traffic Arrears.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. WITH THE AMERICAN ARGONNE FRONT, October 17.—There was a hot fight in the trees ahead. It was an affair later summed up in the official corps report as "satisfactory advance."

Corps reports can dispose of in a few words of incidents which will remain in life-time memory for many men. This was such an affair.

A big barrel soldier came hobbling painfully down the road. He had been wounded in the leg and was making his way unaided toward a dressing station. His progress was slow because he had to keep turning out of the road to avoid the professions of guns and infantry and ammunition trucks.

The wounded colored gentleman was accosted by a war correspondent anxious to learn some details of what was going on up above.

"What happened there?" he asked the soldier who at once assumed the air of a raconteur, cleared his throat, waved a hand in the direction of the battle line, and said:

"Well, s'pose an I'll tell you just what happened. Ah, was climbin' ovah de hill when we got into de woods. Then he bobbed on. He had left nothing untold as far as he was concerned.

There was a handsome little chap of about seventeen, lying on the ground in a field hospital. He had been slightly wounded. He said he was from Ohio and had been a runner or messenger in his battalion.

"There were a couple of swell French officers with our outfit," he said. "I saw them running along in front of our dugouts, hollerin' 'boche' and laughing like the dickens. Boy, soon as they saw me, they had been shot by a shell and were both dead."

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